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THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)
Dick was too well trained to cry out, or even to show by his expression that he had seen, but, aside, he jogged Ken's elbow and motioned to Ken to look.

Ken, too, saw and the boys had just about determined not to let Hank know that they knew he was watching, but to contrive some way to get around him and, in turn, watch the spy, when Hank took the bolder course. It showed how essentially crafty the boy was.

Hank stepped boldly out from the shrubbery now. There was a sudden change in his attitude. He might be brazen, but he was on the job.

"Hear you had a robbery last night," Hank sauntered over as if nothing had ever happened such as their detecting his spying.

"How did you hear?" Ken still grasped the sordid iron. One never knew what a treacherous lad like Hank might be up to.

"Over my radio. I bought a new set, you know. You ought to get one like mine. Five tubes!"

Hank knew the psychology of jealousy. It seems to be born in some people. However, he missed out in expecting Ken Adams and Dick Gerard either to be jealous or to engage in any hero worship. Neither of them had much money, but that was because their allowances were strictly limited. It was a part of their education. They knew, however, that the case was the same with Hank. He had no more than they. Yet here he was buying a new five tube set—while they were tinkering, assembling parts purchased by their combined resources. There was a catch in it somewhere and they determined to find out. They were human. They were curious.

"That's great, Hank," commented Ken. "Where did you get the money?"

Hank adopted a sort of swagger. If either of his two questioners had had their way they would have knocked his block off, and very properly, for that matter. However, they did the more manly and clever thing; restrained themselves, kept temper and poise.

"Earned it?" was Hank's superior response. He might have been a multimillionaire in his own estimation, a self-made Hank.

Again Ken restrained himself. There was no use picking a fight with a man from whom you wanted information. "Is that so?" he inquired, calmly.

Those who are wise fail hardest. Hank was disarmed by Ken's ingratiating manner. "Working for boats in the harbor," he replied.

"I tried that, but didn't make much."

"You didn't pick the right boats."

"Which one did you pick?"

Hank hesitated. "You can't horn in there. I'm solid with those people. I don't mind if I do tell. The 'Scooter' used to be a sub-chaser until these rich people bought it and made a yacht out of it. Some boat to work for when it's in port. Well, so long. That reminds me, I got a date now."

Hank had been looking at his watch. He made off and, as he did, both Ken and Dick did not look up so as to let him know that they cared.

"If you believe that I'll tell you another!" exclaimed Dick, the doubter. "Is he gone down the trail?"

"Yes."

"That fellow will stand watching. Dick, I wanted him to get out of sight before I made a move. But he

said something to me the other day about Vira and Ruth, too, that I didn't like. I'm going to watch that fellow and you'd better come along, too. He took the upper trail on the cliffs. We'll take the lower on the shore. I'd like to know some more about that 'Scooter'. It's a mystery craft, anyhow. It's suspicious—Hank knowing all about the robbery so early and all that; hanging around here, watching until we caught him at it. Come on!"

The two scouts disappeared down the shore trail.

CHAPTER V.
THE MYSTERY CRAFT.

Swinging idly in the snappy southwest breeze, out in the Rockledge harbor, lay a rakish converted scout cruiser which had seen duty during the war, but now had been sold by the government and overhauled, refitted as a yacht. She was a very business-like looking yacht, too, and not the least noticeable thing on her was her radio aerial on the mast.

It was evident that although her captain, Nelsen, was aboard, her owner was not. The "Scooter," as her name appeared on the stern, was anchored quietly in Rockledge, but that did not mean that she was not actively in commission. Far from that. Nelsen was a captain always on the job. Nevertheless if one had had a closer view of her crew, and in fact, of Nelsen himself, one would not have been much impressed. The crew of the "Scooter" was not such as to inspire confidence. Indeed it was quite the reverse. One might have said that the crew was evil looking. And he would not have been far wrong.

From below now appeared a boy. It was Hank Hawkins. He had evidently come aboard to impart some information to Captain Nelsen which the captain was later to transmit somewhere else, before he ranged the line over the radio.

As Hank stuck his head out he scanned the shore very closely, then reached for his marine glasses, turned and spoke below.

"There's that boy, Ken Adams, on the shore, now, where he followed me. It looks to me as if he was coming out here. Give him a hot reception."

"You bet! No spies!" came a gruff rejoinder.

Hank was right. On the landing stake on the shore of the harbor Ken and Dick were standing. They hastened in trailing Hank, but Hank had had a start of them, had arrived at the landing stage first and they had seen him putting off in a tender for the "Scooter."

For some time Ken and Dick stood on the landing stage, debating. "Of course we want to find out about Hank and that 'Scooter,'" considered Ken.

"But then you remember the other day, before he told us about buying this radio, he said he was buying a flivver, had paid a deposit of a hundred dollars on it to Charley Randall?"

"I'm going to take the Parr's rowboat that's here and go out to the 'Scooter'. But you, Dick, go on up to the village and see what you can find out about Randall and the flivver, see if it is true, and if you can, find out where he never got it from his folks."

"That's all right, Ken, but how are you going to get away with this? You get out to the 'Scooter'? What are you going to tell them?"

"The truth, of course—at least as much as I want them to know. My allowance is shot. I'll tell them I want to earn some money just like Hank. Maybe they'll let me on, give me a job, and I'll learn something about them. The thing looks suspicious to me—this mystery craft anchored out there."

Ken stepped in the skiff and started. "So long, Dick. See you later."

Ken pulled lustily at the oars, for he was a born water rat, had been raised about Rockledge harbor, knew swimming and boats from almost his baby days. It was not long before he was approaching the converted cruiser. No one seemed on deck.

"Scooter ahoy!" shouted Ken as he roved about it looking for some signs of life and how to get aboard.

"Whatcher want?" A roughneck sailor had come on deck and was answering the boy ungraciously.

"I want a job," returned Ken.

"You do, eh?" The sailor reached down to the deck, seemed to pick up something, then to turn a valve. "You want a job, do you? Well, take that!"

He straightened up and as he did so he pointed a hose connected with a powerful pump, full at Ken. Ken was resting on his oars. He received the full force of the water and it almost bowled him overboard. It was not the drenching that Ken feared. It was the rapid filling of the skiff. He would soon be sunk. He seized the oars and in three or four strokes was well beyond the range of the hose. As he pulled off, Ken heard a raucous laugh

from the hold. He could have sworn that was the voice of Hank Hawkins. Chagrined and wet, Ken bailed out the skiff, then pulled back to the shore. He sat down on the landing stage to wait and to think. He had time. He would wait until Hank came ashore.

It was well that Ken had time. Hank was in no hurry to come ashore. But the morning sun was sultry and the time was not wasted. At least Ken was drying out after his drenching. Any other boy would have consumed his time in thinking of ways of getting even. Ken was human. He wanted to square accounts with Hank. But there was greater, more important business in hand. Ken waited with mixed motives.

It was the better part of an hour before Ken could descry a boat lowered from the davits of the "Scooter" and then make sure that it was Hank putting off in it for shore. Ken kept on the side of the dock where the sun shone hottest but where Hank could not see him and through the piles he could watch the progress of the boat from the cruiser to the landing stake.

Just as Hank moored the rowboat to the float and turned to ascend to dock, Ken emerged. Ken was quiet but there was a look of gleaming in Ken's eyes that boded no good for Hank.

"Well," began Ken. He had been about to say something of his involuntary answer, but thought better of it. It is always well in a case like that to let the other fellow do the talking. Then you can gauge your actions by him, take advantage.

Hank laughed in his irritating Smart Aleck manner. Still Ken restrained himself. Quickly Hank glanced about to make sure that Ken was alone before going further. He was satisfied. Then he laughed in a contemptuous manner that set Ken's blood boiling. His righteous anger was mounting by the moment.

"Say!" taunted Hank with an exasperating bravado. "Was that robbery an inside job?"

Ken was no less angry at Hank for what he had said, but he knew the sailor had been put up to it by Hank. It was conducted clearly unbecomingly. But here was a new issue injected into the matter by Hank.

"What do you mean, inside job?" returned Ken.

Hank laughed in a superior manner. "You don't know, but I know." He lowered his voice. "Your sister, Ruth, and the bunch, all of them, Ruth, Vira, Glenn, Rae, Dick, Professor Vario—lost a lot of money last week betting on the races at Belmont Park. Some sports! You didn't know that—but my folks were over these, saw 'em, told me! You better tell your mother to watch Ruth—see?"

That was more than Ken could stand. He had been deceived and snubbed himself. But no one could cast reflections on his sister Ruth. Hank had overplayed his hand. You cannot rub things in on a boy of Ken's temperament and get away with it.

Without warning Ken sailed in. It was some time before Hank had the advantage in age. But Ken had lived sensibly and clean and his motto for trouble was to "be prepared." He was a splendid boxer. Easton had taught him some football and wrestling, too.

Ken had expected it and was not disappointed—Hank was not one to fight fair. When one encounters his like one must be prepared for all sorts of mucker tricks. Ken was, and he got away with none of them. Instead, in about as sharp an encounter as Hank had ever experienced in his short life the bully was worsted.

Ken bore some marks of Hank's mucker work, but he was not long before he had the bully begging for mercy. Ken had won any way you looked at it. He let Hank get up where he had fallen from the last well directed blow.

Hank did so, edged away, then suddenly started up the dock running as he caught sight of one of his cronies, the town bum. He turned, still taunting Ken.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Sore Feet.

In Tree-Top Town.

The hush that heralds the sunset, As it swings the round of the world, Gives place to fairy-land breezes.

Like the breath of a cloud unfurled; Then a whisper is heard ere the dark comes down.

'Tis visiting time in Tree-Top Town.

Then eyes that are open to magic Gaze aloft to the long azure street. Where the leaf-people trip from each doorway.

Other eager leaf-people to meet. They wave sprightly greeting with never a frown

To their numerous neighbors of Tree-Top Town.

Mildly is wearing a scalloped pelisse. Her lord is in emerald green. Their silks all aglistening tremble.

While elfin feet twinkle between; And musical murmuring voices drift down.

For 'tis visiting time in Tree-Top Town.

They've never a care, I am certain. They dwell in their bowers content. In dallies in fluttering dusters

The hours of the day are spent. They ask not for riches, nor seek they renown.

These friendly leaf-people of Tree-Top Town.

—Alice Councilman.

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"To Eat Humble Pie."

This phrase has no literary distinction, no exalted origin. It represents one of those perversions both of spelling and sense which often arose in an age when few could read.

In early Norman days the Saxons were mostly serfs, or "villains," and whilst the lordly Normans feasted at the high table on the venison that was strictly preserved for their hunting, the Saxons were relegated to a place far "below the salt"—another phrase belonging to the same age—and given to eat a huge pie made of the "numbles," or inferior parts of the carcass of the deer.

Thus, not only during this early Norman period, but much later, "numbles pie" was a common and quite wholesome dish served to humble folk. It passed into a sort of proverb—that one who was obliged by circumstances to partake of this pie either belonged to the lower class or had been reduced to their level.

Presently, when the connection with venison was forgotten, and the custom of hunting the stag had died out, people began to think that "humble pie" was somehow connected with "humble," because the phrase certainly meant "to take a man down a peg," to humble his pride, to humiliate him. Yet the connection did not exist.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

Pardonable.

His wife had gone to visit her mother and had telephoned that she would not be returning until the morning.

When she got back she said to her husband: "You managed to find something to eat last night, didn't you, dear?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, cheerily. "I had the steak that was in the pantry and fried it with some onions I found in the cellar."

"Onions!" she gasped. "Darling, you've eaten my hens!"

His Name.

"I can't accept this application—your name is omitted."

"Faith, an' you're wrong, sor! Me name is O'Flaherty!"

Industry Developing Rapidly.

The fur catch of British Columbia has in the last five years vacillated between 11,000,000 and 15,000,000 in value yearly, but much greater significance attaches to the manner in which the fur-farming industry is growing in the province. Between 1923 and 1924, fox farms in British Columbia more than doubled, and importations of foundation stock into the Kootenay, Okanagan, Thompson River and the Fraser valleys in 1925 were yet more marked. Vancouver Island in particular seems destined to be a great fox farming centre and become for the Province.

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FURS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

One of the outstanding features of Canadian progress in the post-war period has been the Dominion's assertion of her right to market her own fur production. For many years it was the custom to despatch the greater portion of the annual catch to markets in London, New York, St. Louis and other fur centres, the Canadian industry having practically no control over the disposition of its own pelts.

In 1920 tri-annual fur sales were established at Montreal, which have steadily increased their prestige and assumed a greater international character. Pelts have come from the United States, Russia, Siberia, China and other countries to swell the Canadian pack for disposition and buyers have been attracted from the neighboring Republic, England, France, Germany, Sweden, Russia and Japan. In the five years of sales, pelts to an aggregate value exceeding \$25,000,000 have been disposed of in the Canadian metropolis.

Montreal's success has generated ambitions in other Dominion centres, which are points for the collection of the fur catches. Winnipeg, which claims to be the largest primary receiving point for furs in Canada, has been most active in following in the steps of Montreal. The great Western city is drawing in furs from the Arctic circle, the Mackenzie River basin, James Bay, Northern Manitoba and the Hudson's Bay. It is estimated that last year over \$5,000,000 worth of furs were handled in Winnipeg, \$2,000,000 of which represents the value of pelts sold through the fur auction, and as much as \$1,000,000 has been secured from a single sale. It is considered that fur sales are now firmly established as part of Manitoba's and Winnipeg's business.

Vancouver Establishes Fur Auction.

Now British Columbia is exhibiting ambitions in the same direction, and local sales have already been successfully held. The fur trade of the Pacific coast province has long been seriously neglected, and the disposition of the provincial pack passing out of its hands about the time of the Klondyke rush, no effort had been made to secure re-control of it. With its intimate association with fur trading and trapping it is just beginning to realize the anomalous position it occupies with the greater bulk of its production going across the line for sale. British Columbia is now striving to make Vancouver the centre of the Pacific Northwest fur trade, an effort which should be attended with success in view of the province's substantial fur raw catch and the marked progress it is making in the fox and fur farming industry.

Converting rubbish into fuel is cheaper than throwing it away, according to estimates made recently by an English engineer. His plan is to remove the tin cans, crush the refuse into powder, and then press it into little bricks which can be treated with tar oil or coal to aid ignition. He estimates the cost at \$1.80 per ton, while the present disposal is \$1.75 a ton.

Huge Aerial Masts.

So huge are the masts supporting the aerials of the new superpower radio station at Rugby, England, that there is an electrical elevator, having a capacity of three persons in each mast. The masts are 820 feet high. There are twelve of these masts carrying three miles of aerial.

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